WAKARUSA HIGH SCHOOL

GRADUATING CLASS

1934

CLASS MOTTO: "Not the Sunset but the Dawn"

CLASS COLORS: Black and Green

CLASS OFFICERS

1931

President - Roy Nusbaum
Vice-President - William Yoder
Secretary - Vera Nusbaum
Treasurer - Arlowene Stiver
Sponsor - Mr. Gerber

1932

President - Pauline Doering
Vice-President - Wayne Fredericks
Secretary - Arlowene Stiver
Treasurer - Evanelle Longfield
Sponsor - Mr. Sipe

1933

President - Wayne Fredericks
Vice-President - Lowell Weldy
Secretary - Evanelle Longfield
Treasurer - Arlowene Stiver
Sponsor - Mr. Sipe

1934

President - Wayne Fredericks
Vice-President - Roy Nusbaum
Secretary - Arlowene Stiver
Treasurer - Lowell Weldy
Sponsor - Mr. Sipe

BACCALAUREATE

Prelude . . . . Mrs. D. Paul Huffman

Song. . . . . Congregation

TO THE WORK

To the work! to the work! we are servants of God
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew
Let us do with our might, what our hands find to do.

CHORUS

Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, let us watch, and labor till the
Master comes.

To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
And the Kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, Salvation is free!

CHORUS

Song . . . High School Girls' Glee Club

Accordian Number . . Mrs. D. Paul Huffman

Devotional Scripture Reading -Rev. J. Hartman

Prayer . . . . Rev. E. E. Kaufman

Song . . . . . M.B.C. Chorus

Sermon "Stepping Stones To Success."
Rev. O. L. Flesher

Song . . . . . Congregation

JESUS SAVIOR PILOT ME

Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestous sea;
Unknown waves before me, roll
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild,
Boist'rous waves obey thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

Benediction . . . Rev. C. Metzler

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Salutatory	Miriam Mast Lois Yoder
Class History	Chloe Canen
Piano Solo	Evanelle Longfield
Reading	Miriam Hollopeter
Vocal Trio	Vera Nusbaum, Wilma Stealy, Miriam Mast
Class Prophecy	Pauline Doering
Class Poem	Mabel Flickinger
Music	Flora Jane Frash
Wit and Humor	George Doering and Winford Weldy
Piano Solo	Arlowene Stiver
Oration	Herbert Clipp
Grumbles	Juanita Metzler
Trio	Vera Nusbaum, Wilma Stealy, Miriam Mast
Class Will	William Yoder and Roy Nusbaum
Valedictory	Wayne Frederick

W. H. S. COMMENCEMENT

APRIL 20, 1934

Invocation — Rev. E. E. Kaufman

Instrumental Quartet
Eugene Yoder, Elma Bowers,
Flora Jane Frash, Mariellen Hahn

ADDRESS, "Youth's Outlook in a Changing World,"
David Hogg, Ex-Congressman, Fort Wayne.

Vocal Trio, "When Grandmother Dreams"
Miriam Mast, Wilma Stealy, Vera Nusbaum

Presentation Of Diplomas

Presentation of American Legion Awards
Harold S. Myers

Benediction — Rev. John Hartman

Instrumental Quartet, "Auld Lang Syne"

SENIORS 1934

FIFTY YEARS LATER

Former Wakarusan Honored By State Department

J. Wayne Fredericks (right), deputy assistant secretary of state for African Affairs and a native of Wakarusa, was given a Superior Honor Award for outstanding service by the Department of State at a ceremony held June 9 in Washington, D.C. Secretary Dean Rusk spoke at the awards ceremony. W. T. M. Beale (left), acting assistant Secretary for Administration (left), presents the award to Fredericks.

In a valedictory speech given at Wakarusa High School in April of 1934 these words were said:

> "We believe that we can in some measure repay our debts by going forward into the world, shoulders squared, to make the best possible out of our lives, to be real citizens, to always hold our standards high, no matter be it far or near, in humble or in wealthy circumstances. . . . . We do know, however, that the world still needs men and women in all walks of life. We shall fill some of those places . . . If we shall contribute anything to the distinguished and worthy projects of our community and our country, we shall be rightfully happy."

cont.-

The Class of '34 wishes to give special tribute to the man who was that valedictorian. He is pictured on the preceding page as he received special commendation for his services as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs during Kennedy's 1000 days.

He has contributed to distinguished and worthy projects of our country. His services cannot be measured by silver or gold, but by the blending of his heart with those whom he serves. Wayne, we know the world today is a better place because of your services.

We congratulate you and wish you continued satisfaction and happiness in your work.

From the Class of '34

IN MEMORY OF

Our class had two Lowells with the same last name also, so very soon, to avoid confusion, Guz was being called by his middle name of Winfred. This could be a little bruise to the ego of some, but I cannot recall that it bothered Winfred in the slightest bit.

It seemed to me that wherever Winfred was, the atmosphere was more upbeat, he was very sociable with everyone, he liked people and so he was well liked by all of us.

Winfred was cheated. We all know that he deserved more than was given to him.

Dale Kelly did not start with us as a freshman, but joined us somewhere along our high school sojourn, having moved to Wakarusa, " seem to recall", from some other state.

I remember being surprised at how quickly he seemed to be a part of the class, and became so popular with everyone.

Had I not been drawing my ego reinforcement from athletics, as I still do, I believe jealousy of him would have become a little problem for me. I am not so sure that I could have appreciated then as I do now, that his success with the class was due to the good character and personality of Dale Kelly.

Howard was the best natural athlete of all the members of our class. As a student in class, he was the quiet type and also more reserved in associating with classmates.

Growing up as boys, I played with Howard more than one would think, as I lived out in the country. However my grandparents were close neighbors of Howard and at age twelve I got a bicycle and a paper route, and became a city boy.

I remember shooting baskets at the hoop behind Harringtons barn. We also played softball and touch football games in the Brethren church yard and the open field south of the street.

We later played junior league baseball and on the W.P.A. sponsored local softball league teams.

Thinking back over all those years, I can't recall a single instance, "though they must have happened", when we got into a quarrel.

Thank you Howard, for being a sportsman and leaving me nothing but pleasant memories.

(Contributed by Roy Nusbaum)

IN MEMORY OF

Georgia Grove	Energetic, vivacious, full of fun. Always very happy, a good friend!
Pauline Doering	Very friendly, interested in sports, a good student.
Evanelle Longfield	Our piano accompaniest whenever we needed one. Always willing to serve.
Eleanor Robinson	Quiet, unassuming, loved sports, friendly.
Kathryn Paulus	Very devoted Christian, a dear friend! We spent a lot of happy times together in each other's home.
Anne Weaver	A jolly freckled faced, very friendly girl.
Gladys Smith	A beautiful girl, rather shy and unpretentious.

(Contributed by Wilma Hess)

I was not too well acquainted with Kenneth Sipe in any capacity as an individual other than at school.

The time he spent with us, both as a teacher and as our class sponsor for three years, created the kind of a memory for which I would like to make honorable mention of him.

I thought he tried to be fair with us and made an honest effort to set the kind of an example that we could emulate to at least self-respect for those not destined to honor and fame.

This is not intended to do despite to any others who might have impressed someone else, but having served our class as he did, I wished to recall the memory for this particular occasion.

John L. Hartzler

WAKARUSA HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1934

1. Mrs. Lemuel Brown (Marie Truex) 305 S. Elk. St., Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 (219)862-2255
2. Chloe Canen, 110 S. Walnut, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 862-2729
3. Herbert L. Clipp, 1015 E. Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Indiana 46514 (219)295-5696
4. George Doering, 205 S. Washington, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 (219)862-2624
5. Mrs. Wayne Eby (Vera Nusbaum), 245 Thorndale Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514 (219) 295-6289
6. John R. Flory, 2341 Morton Ave., Elkhart, Indiana 46517 (219)522-9657
7. Wayne Fredericks, 25 Oriole Ave., Bronxville, New York 10708
8. Mrs. Maurice Geerts (Evelyn Brenneman), 408 Riverside Drive, Battlecreek, Michigan 49016
9. Mrs. Lowell Hartman (Annabelle Maust), 65311 CR 7, Goshen, Indiana 46526 (219)862-2786
10. Mrs. Warren Hartman (Marie Schwalm), 30038 CR 28, Elkhart, Indiana 46514 (219)522-5112
11. John Hartzler, 24460 CR 24, Elkhart, Indiana 46514 (219)875-7255
12. Emmert Herr, Route 1, Kendallville, Indiana 46755
13. Mrs. Lloyd Hess (Wilma Stealy), 62719 CR 9, Goshen, Indiana 46526 (219)862-2646
14. Quinn Holdeman, 29823 CR 40, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 (219)862-2527
15. Mrs. John Johannes (Miriam Hollopeter), 1478 Heather Circle, Hubertus, Wisconsin 53033
16. Mrs. Frank Kunin (Mabel Flickinger), 7331 North 16th Place, Phoenix, Arizona 85020
17. Virgil L. Lechlitner, 57589 Rivercrest Dr. Elkhart, Indiana 46516 (219)875-8446
18. Lamar Martin, 1211 E. 7th St. Chuluvotoa, Florida 32766
19. Roy Nusbaum, 51605 Cherry Road, Granger, Indiana 46530
20. Woodrow Pippinger, 62720 St Rd 19, Elkhart, Indiana 46514 862-2524
21. Fern Schieber, 68635 CR 3, Nappanee, Indiana 46550 (219)862-2008
22. Mrs. Lowell Sloat (Miriam Mast), 63377 CR 9, Goshen, Indiana 46526 (219)862-4231
23. Mrs. Lamar Stahly (Pauline Weldy), 68070 CR 3, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 (219)862-2001

24. Mrs. Harry Stewart (Flora Jane Frash), Route 4, Box 398, Syracuse, Indiana 46567

25. Mrs. Charles Stouder (Evangeline Weaver), 3029 Springfield Dr. 15, Goshen Indiana 46526 (219)533-8596

26. Mrs. Ivan Weaver (Lois Yoder), 23918 Marguerite Way, Goshen, Indiana 46526 (219)875-6970

27. Mrs. Lowell Weldy (Arlowene Stiver), 11549 Madison Road, Mishawaka, Indiana 46544 633-4139

28. Lowell Weldy (same as above)

29. Mrs. H. Eugene Yoder (Juanita Metzler), 11665 Seven Gables Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

30. Merrill Yoder, 405 E. Waterford, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 (219)862-4350

31. William Yoder, 523 W. Battell Stl, Mishawaka, Indiana 46544

NAMES OF THOSE WHO CHOSE OTHER PATHS

Nelson Gongwer, 66740 CR 103, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573 (219)862-2545
Argel McDowell, 63352 CR 7, Goshen, Indiana 862-2628
Mary (Schrock) McDowell, 63352 CR 7, Goshen, Indiana 862-2628
Charles McDowell, 56484 Strathmore Dr., Elkhart, Indiana 46514 522-8011
Miriam (Hoffer) Clouse, 153 E. Centennial St., Nappanee, Indiana 46550
Edwin Zimmerman, 67951 CR 11, Nappanee, Indiana 46550 831-2564
Elmer Stauffer, 62587 CR 9, Goshen, Indiana 46526 862-2301
Susie (Martin) Ramer, 126 E. Main St., Cushing, Okla. 74023
Nathan Ramer, 68190 SR 19, R. # 3, Nappanee, Indiana 46550 862-4132
Mary (Brenneman) Hygema, R. # 4, Warsaw, Indiana 46580 267-4774
Vernon Shaum, 62203 CR 17, Goshen, Indiana 46526 533-5073
Forrest Yoder, 2311 Old Garden Valley Road, Roseburg, Oregon 97470
Alma (Detwiler) Haskell, 130 W. Lake St., Petosky, Michigan 49770
Edith (Leinbach) Stauffer, 5589 Columbus St., Albany, Oergon 97321
Ernest Pletcher, R. # 1, Box 323D, New Paris, Indiana 46553 831-4400
Maynard Culp, P.O. Box 304, Oracle, Arizona 85623
Ralph Beard
Mearl Grabil
Clara Defreese, Mrs. Robert Haines, R. # 1, Box 28, Scotland, Ark. 72141
Irma Rowe
Susan Weaver
Martha Martin, 66532 CR 7, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573

Deceased

Gladys (Smith) Mishler
Anna Weaver
~~Ellen (Hartman) Segner~~
Sarah Martin

Behind Gerber's blue jeans and wide-brimmed hat are an 83-years wealth of color, prowess and activity. The stories he could tell would fill a book.

He homesteaded at 17, loved the life of the bunkhouse and the lone cowboy riding a hundred miles without striking a fence. In summer he rode the ranges; in winter he got his education and played league hockey in Edmonton.

For a prank, he once herded seven antelope down to the edge of Main street of Hanna, a town on the Canadian prairie settled by some soft Easterners who arrived soon after the railroad was built. However, where Main street crossed the railroad, the antelope refused to cross the tracks, and they scattered back to the prairie.

Gerber, wandering into the United States as a young man, selected Goshen College and was graduated in 1917. Before settling down in Wakarusa in 1922, he coached athletics -- football, basketball, track -- in Nebraska and New Mexico, and in both states his teams were state finalists. He received the master of arts degree from Teachers College at Columbia U. and met the requirements for the M.S. degree at New Mexico A. & M.

An educator, Gerber was an administrator in Wakarusa's public schools 26 years. A businessman, he has sold and serviced State Farm Insurance for 47 years. As a Lion, he sports a 35-years perfect attendance pin. A rodeo contestant, he rode bucking horses out of the chutes until he was 65, and he won his prized barrel racing trophy at 82 to show the doubters who said, "You're too old to do that sort of thing." A trainer, he keeps his body in tune by roller skating two evenings a week and by ice skating three hours a week at U. of Notre Dame's rink. A layman, he has taught Sunday school for years and been a member of the board for the local Methodist Church.

C. J. Gerber and Miss Vandy Bobby

But above all, he's a man devoted to the quarter horse, the fastest horse in the world at a quarter of a mile.

During a blinding snowstorm in his youth, he soon became completely bewildered out on the open prairie. He told his horse to take him back to the ranch, and the horse saved his life.

Gerber says horses have a language but not many can read it. As a result, many horses are mistreated.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

-- Henry van Dyke

March 14, 1934 - Kenneth Sipe

"Life is hardly respectable if it
has no generous task, no duties or
affections that constitute a necessity
of existence. Every man's task is
his life preserver."

Malinda Werntz

March 15, 1934

Work as though you were to live
forever.
Live as though you were to die
tomorrow.
Best wishes for a full and happy
life.

Wilmer Wine

Wakarusa High School
3/28/34

Work for yourself. Don't do your best
merely to please the boss.
That's a hireling trick. Do your best
because you can't afford to do less,
because you owe it to your self re-
spect.

Merit your own esteem and do your own
fault finding.

Your Principal - C. J. Gerber

Wakarusa, Indiana
March 29, 1934

"He measures me of little worth,
Who only lets me share his mirth,
But he, who lets me share his grief
Has love for me beyond belief."

Glade E. Rohrer

"Whatever you are -- be that;
Whatever you say -- be true;
Straightforwardly act --
Be honest -- in fact
Be nobody else but you."

Esther Searer

March 20, 1934

"Get wisdom; but with all thy getting,
get understanding also."

Proverbs of Solomon

H. S. Bowers

(Taken from a 1934 autograph book.)

LETTERS FROM THE GRADUATES

Wilma (Stealy) Hess, the poetess writes --

Remember when we cried on graduation day, at the thought of leaving school and our close-knit class. It is very evident this love for one another has lasted through these fifty years.

In 1936 I was married to Lloyd H. Hess. After my marriage, I attended Goshen College and the Indiana University school of music. Our son David was born in 1947 and our daughter Carol in 1956.

Forty-years have been spent teaching piano and have been teaching second generation students for quite some time. Some of our service work includes Choir directing, Song leading, Sunday School teaching, Deacon's wife, United Way, and the Elkhart County Extension Board for 18 years. Life has been good and full.

Since Lloyd retired, we have been spending the third week of May each year in Canada with our Indiana friends, fishing for Walleye and Northern Pike. This summer we will spend 16 days in Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Italy and one of the high-lights will be the Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany.

It will be good to see each classmate and spend the evening together reminiscing by-gone days.

I am enclosing a poem which describes me very vividly, but certainly no one else in our class.

FORGETFUL

Just a line to say I'm living
That I'm not among the dead.
Though I'm getting more forgetful
And more mixed up in the head.

For sometimes I can't remember
When I stand at the foot of the stairs
If I must go up for something
Or have I just come down from there?

And before the fridge so often
My poor mind is filled with doubt,
Have I just put food away, or
Have I come to take some out?

And there are times when it is dark
With my nite cap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring
Or just getting out of bed.

So, if it's my turn to write you
There's no use of getting sore;
I may think I have written
And don't want to be a bore.

So remember I love you
And I wish that you were here
But now it's nearly mail time,
So I must say "good-bye, dear."

There I stood beside the mail box
With a face so very red
Instead of mailing you my letter,
I had opened it instead.

(Author Unknown--Forgot to sign his name)

Lowell and Arlowene (Stiver) Weldy sent us the following --

This has been a difficult letter to get started. Sometimes it is painful to think back on the mistakes we have made and would change if we could, but the Lord has been merciful and blessed us with uncountable blessings.

Let's see, what was it that you said you would do if we all got our letters in by April 30? I want to do my part to see that your promise is fulfilled!

As I think back, oh dear, 50 years, just what could have made our class any different or seem closer than other classes to each other? It seems that we all respected each other and felt that each classmate was important to us.

We have tread a long way and over many bridges but those decisions we had to make as a class were very important to us then. Little did we realize the far weightier decisions we would have to make in life later on.

It is also painful to think of those who are no longer on this earth. They will surely be missed at this reunion!

Now I have again goofed. I put off mailing this letter thinking I might get a bright inspiration for more words but none came. So I get this mailed late.

The only contribution I could get out of Lowell was that he didn't think there were any Hippies or Yippies in our class of long ago. My selection is Hebrews 4:1-16.

You'll still keep your promise won't you, Lois?

Five days later--- another letter from Arlowene.

Of course I want to tell all about my family since they have been the focal point of my life for almost 45 years.

Our oldest son is a minister living in St. Peters, MO. Our daughter is married to a Smith and lives in Goshen, IN. Our next son is a CPA living in North Carolina, and also owns a Ladies Ready to Wear store which keeps his wife busy. Let's see, that's three accounted for and two to go. The one twin son is farming for us since Lowell is retired. I could put a question mark after the word retired! Our youngest son, by five minutes, works in the accounting department for General Motors in lives in Lapeer, Michigan.

We have nine grandaughters and 4 grandsons.

Were I able to do the last fifty years over, I would probably do it exactly the same way. I have always been an outdoors person, and to me there is no other way to bring up a family than on the farm. I love it, and it is hard to give up. Here's my farm joke--

Child: Mom, what do you call a cow that has just had a calf?
Mom: I don't know. What?
Child: a de-calf-einated cow.

Roy Nusbaum -- Class of '34

I am going to bypass some of the suggestions made by Lois as subjects to write about, such as recipes or jokes. It would be confusing, as all of my recipes seem to turn out as jokes.

Instead I want to bring up a subject which most of you have given very little thought to for some years. This is the highs and lows, or the successes and failures of stealing bases.

To keep this from becoming a novel, I will keep this to experiences during my high school days.

The scene is a warm sunny April afternoon in 1932. Coach Wine has taken the physical education class outside to one of the four softball diamonds on the school ground for a game. This diamond home plate is near the west edge of the school ground and the path to 1st base angles southeast, and 1st base is situated across and just inside the cinder running track.

On my first time at bat, I am successful in getting to first base. My plan was to go for a steal of second base on the first pitch. The ball is pitched and I am going two whole steps, when something explodes in my middle and I am curled up on the ground which in this case is cinders. As I lay on the track, fully aware of things, the players gathered around and recounted what had happened, but I was more concerned in regaining my ability to breathe.

Our track team's mile runner, Paul Christianson, continued around the west curve of the track and up the straitway to the finish line, then angled back across the oval to by position. I still wasn't breathing. Over the years I played ball and attempted to steal bases, this was my worst failure.

Let us now move the calendar along two years to April, 1935.

Wakarusa is playing Bristol a game of baseball for the county high school championship. The game is being played on a neutral ball field, I believe one of Elkhart's diamonds.

The strength of our team was our battery of Marion Reed, our pitcher, and George Doering, our catcher. This was again demonstrated when the game went through four innings with no scoring.

My second at bat came in the fifth inning and I was successful in reaching 1st base. Coach Wine says, "Let's get a good lead, we are going to test our chances of stealing second." I was frightened by the idea, as these bases are 90 feet apart, rather than the 60 feet on a softball diamond, where I felt at home.

After several pitches Coach Wine said, "We are going to go on the next pitch."

Somehow I had the feeling that he wasn't going to go with me.

I took off on the next pitch. It seemed like forever to get near second, but finally I dived head first, grabbed second base with my reading hands and prayed that we had an honest umpire. I knew I was safe and the umpire agreed and

-cont.-

looking back to first, Coach Wine was still in the coaching box.

Now we were half way around and the next objective was third base.

I took my lead off second with the pitch and they didn't seem too concerned about my staying out there and the catcher leisurely threw the ball back to the pitcher. The next pitch was the same pattern, and I saw that the third baseman was playing close up and at least fifteen feet from the base. I decided that they weren't paying enough respect to a runner that had just stolen second base. As the catcher brought his arm through to the pitcher the next time, my destination was third base and another head first slide. The play was easily safe and I was breathing much easier, as I had made this steal without authorization.

It felt good to be back in touch with some coaching and Coach Rohrer warned of the double play and suggested that on almost anything hit on the ground, I should go for it.

I also clearly understood that I was going it alone.

The next batter (and I wish I knew who it was) did hit the ball on the ground, and I hightailed it for home. I was ready to make another slide, but saw the catcher standing out in front of home base watching the play to first, so I banged the middle of the plate with my foot.

Our battery of Marion and George kept the Bristol team in check for the remaining innings and we won the county title by the score of one to zero.

I am surprised at how well I remember this occurance of fifty years ago, but for me that was a very nervous and successful trip around the bases.

(I tried, perhaps failed) to put a humorous slant into this, and this is fact not fiction. We did play and win this baseball game with Bristol, one to 0, and I doubt that it has been mentioned for 50 years.

And from Juanita (Metzler) Yoder in Ohio, we hear --

I've tried to think of something really clever or very wise but since I wasn't clever or wise in high school, I can't really expect to be now. I do know that the years have flown by very quickly and looking back over a lifetime of much happiness and unexpected pleasure, some heartbreaking sadness and good and bad fortune, I can only say I'm glad I've been here.

The one incident from high school that I have enjoyed telling many times is of the time Elnora Robinson, Marie Lehman and I were expelled from school--all because we had changed to anklets at noon. We were called into Mr. Gerber's office and told to go home and stay home until we were ready to come back properly dressed. My grandchildren have really enjoyed this story--their grandmother expelled from school!!

Evangeline (Weaver) Stouder chips in --

Fifty years! Where have they gone? I ask myself, is the world better off because I have been permitted to live these many years? What a somber question.

I often think of what a giggler I was in high school. How devastating to have a giggle surface in Miss Searers' or Miss Werntz's class. Time and trials of the past 50 years have done so much to change these giggles into a more serious note.

I am so grateful for the 25 years I spent in the classroom teaching boys and girls to take their place in life. I consider this to have been a real privilege. For 40 years my husband and I were involved in pastoral ministry from Syracuse to Dunlap, to South Bend, back to Osceola and then to Goshen where he retired in 1981. Since then we have served two interim pastorates. Our next venture is to begin a new work in Venice, Florida beginning November 1, 1984.

We were blessed with two children. Our son went to be with the Lord on March 17, 1980. Our daughter is married and has three daughters. Our daughter and family are very precious to us. We have spent many summer vacations traveling as a family in a 31 foot trailer.

I look forward to seeing each one of you at our 50th Class Reunion, June 9 at Nelson's Port-A-Pit.

In closing, we know life's never measured by how many years we live but by the kindly things we do and happiness we give.

God loves you and I love you too.

Woodrow J. Pippenger adds--

The 50th reunion doesn't seem possible. However, that's what it adds up to. I've lived near Wakarusa all that time. I married Bessie Truex of the Madison area. We have a daughter, Linda who married Phil Nusbaum, and 2 grandchildren, Jonathan and Elizabeth.

About the memories of high school days, they were many and good, but can't seem to pick out one suitable for that book of memoirs. However I do have a recipe. (Not my favorite). ELEPHANT STEW - Get a huge kettle over an open fire. Cut up medium sized elephant into 1" squares. Cook for 3 hours. Then cut one rabbit with it and cook another hour. Then taste it. If it doesn't taste right, throw in a second rabbit. If it still doesn't taste real good, put the third one in but no more. Because no one likes to find hares in their stew.

Miriam (Mast) Sloat reflects --

How quickly 50 years have passed. We in our generation have had the opportunity of seeing many changes in our life time. We can remember the "good ole days" when families had more time for each other but yet we appreciate our modern conveniences.

With all the changes I still have the same wonderful husband of 49 years in June and also the joy of living on the same farm all buy 6 months of our married life. During this time 4 fine sons arrived to be a part of our family. Now we enjoy the times when we can have all our sons and families home with us.

Dale is now on the staff of Taylor University. Don has his private practice as a psychologist and counselor in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Loren is an attorney with offices in Nappanee and Wakarusa. Ross is assistant manager and loan officer of Salem Bank in Wakarusa.

We really enjoy our 9 grandchildren who love to come to the farm, stay over night, play with toys their dads played with plus many other things.

We have enjoyed doing many things since we are alone. We both love to fish and have gone on a number of fishing trips. For the past 17 years my husband has been a tax consultant and most of that time I was secretary and helper which made the winters pass quickly.

For something to make you laugh I want to share an experience I had while on a trip to Brazil, S. America to visit Dale and Bonnie. We had some time to spend in Ecuador so had a guide to show us the special things. He especially thought we should see their zoo. While watching the monkeys I was a bit too close and a monkey reached through their cage, grabbed my glasses and put them on. They didn't fit him so he took them off and tried some adjusting. I was so shocked as was my husband. He stood with a camera and didn't even take a picture! Our guide quickly found a man who got in with the monkeys and rescued my glasses. How thankful I was to find an optometrist in town who could make them wearable.

We are enjoying our semi-retirement years. We now have plenty of time to do things for others and do things together. God has been good to us and we thank Him.

I have many pleasant memories of being a part of the class of "34" and wish God's blessings on each of you.

Former classmate Marie (Schwalm) Hartman writes--

The 26 years I spent after graduation as a farmer's wife and mother of four sons was very rewarding. A lot of time and hard work was expended on those projects.

The boys are all very well adjusted young adults. They have 12 children, to which I am grandmother, 2 of these are step-grandchildren and 1 is an adopted little girl. All are equally loved.

The past 18 years I have worked for Holiday Rambler Corporation, 15 years in the Sales Department, first as a clerk and production schedule typist, Office Manager and the last few years as an Account Executive. The past 3 years I have been a Receptionist for the Product Design Development division.

If I had it all to do over again I would have learned to ride bicycle, or roller skate, ice skate and square dance.

Chloe Canen presents --

I, Chloe Canen still live in the Wakarusa area,
did not change my name but do not spend all my time here either
have explored and traveled to many other countries--now history means
something to me.
It was my most disliked subject in school.

50 --------1984

Years spent in trying to make the world a better place. Thirty one years devoted to nursing. This meant many extra hours devoted to a well liked profession. I also receive much help from attending church and spending extra time as a duty there.

Early retirement to care for mother who had spent many unhappy hours in a nursing home. This gave me over two years with her before her passing on.

Attitudes not hampered by our graduating during the depression. It gave us added strength and courage. Remember no caps and gowns, no year book, no class pictures-- So what?

Reasons to be thankful for living in U.S.A. with all our freedom and plenty.

Sources of knowledge used by all of us in many different fields. Thanks to good old Wakarusa High.

1989 - Let's really celebrate by all taking a 5 day cruise and learn to know each other again!!

Fern Schieber remembers--

I remember the first oatmeal cookies I baked. My grandparents were at our place. I told my grandma I wanted to bake some cookies, so she sort of helped me. Then when I went for the vanilla flavor I got hold of the linament and of course put it in. Grandma smelled the wrong thing so she dipped out what she could. I baked them and they weren't bad at all.

If I were able to live my life over, I would have learned to drive a car. My hope for the future is to do as I'm doing now--making things for on the missionary shelf and for child Evangelism. I love to sew and as long as arthritis doesn't cripple my fingers up too bad, I want to continue.

My sister and I bought the farm. We enjoy putting out a big garden and doing a lot of canning. My youngest brother does our farming. We have pigs together. So spring and fall have sows farrowing that we take care of, part of them at our place.

Lots of people are always on a diet, so here is a low calorie diet:

Monday: Breakfast-weak tea; Lunch-1 bouillon cube, ½ cup diluted water Dinner-One pigeon thigh, 3 oz prune juice (gargle only).
Tuesday: Breakfast-scraped crumbs of burnt toast; Lunch-one doughnut hole without sugar, one glass dehydrated water; Dinner-Pickings from upper dental plate (minced)
Wednesday: Breakfast-Shredded egg shell skins; Lunch-Belly button from naval oranges; Dinner-3 eyes from Irish potatoes (diced).
Thursday: Breakfast-boiled outstains from table cover; Lunch-half dozen poppy seeds; Dinner-Bee's knees and mosquito knuckles, saute with vinegar.
Friday: Breakfast-two lobster antenna; Lunch-one guppy fin; Dinner-filet of soft shelled crab claw.
Saturday: Breakfast-four chopped banana seeds; Lunch-broiled butterfly liver; Dinner-jelly fish veterbrae a la bookbinder.
Sunday: Breakfast-pickled humming bird tongues; Lunch-prime ribs of tadpoles and aroma of empty custard pie plate; Dinner-tossed paprika and clover leaf (one).

Notice: All meals to be eaten under microscope to avoid extra portions. (I've never tried it. Ha!)

My favorite recipe is: Vanilla Ice Cream

2 cups scalded milk
1 Tbsp. flour
1 cup W. sugar
1 or 2 eggs slightly beaten
1/8 tsp. salt
1 Tbsp. vanilla
1 qt. thin cream or ½ milk and ½ heavy cream
Sometime use 1 can Bordens Eagle Brand

Mix flour, sugar and salt and eggs, slightly beaten and milk gradually cook over hot water 10 minutes, stirring constantly at first. Should custard have curdled appearance, it will disappear in freezing. When cool, add cream and flavoring. Strain and freeze. Makes 2 quarts

Herbert Clipp says--

I have been a retired Prudential agent of 22 years. Presently I am a messenger for Midwest Commerce Banking Co. Data Center and my wife Claudia writes for the Elkhart Truth. We have been blessed with four wonderful children, two boys and two girls, and then with five granddaughters, then finally a grandson.

I think back with fond memories of the two years it was my privilege to be a part of the class of "34". Some of the specials I remember are-- when Malinda Werntz would say Chi - cago and "Punk" Doering sitting in the front row would get sprayed; when the script called for me to kiss Pauline Doering in one of our class plays and my grease paint mustache transferred to Pauline's upper lip. I also remember when dollars were bigger and more scarce, and having to wait for license plates to be half price for my model "T" Ford after Aug. 1; when one of the neighbor farmers would offer five gallons of gas if I would take a few bags of grain to the mill to be ground for chicken feed. I would really get remarkable mileage from the remaining gasoline. And wasn't it really fun to load a bunch of guys in my "tooless" Model T, parking behind the gym on basketball game nights, opening the pet-cock to let the water out of the radiator, and driving to the nearest water source, filling the radiator and heading home. Today that would be a hard-ship. Then it was fun.

Anabel (Maust) Hartman reflects--

I have been trying to think of something smart or a joke to write. But time is running out, and I might forget to write at all. So I'll just say that I'm living with a retired truck driver. We have six children, four girls and two boys. We have been married since 1943, which adds up to a little over 40 years. We have 6 grandchildren, 3 girls and 3 boys. I hope to see you at the reunion.

P.S. I could say people call me the egg lady. I sell eggs for Blosser at Peddlers Village two days a week.

William Yoder sent this from Sebring, Florida--

I will attempt to give you a thumb-nail sketch of my life since 1934. I was in the C.C.C. for two years after graduation. I was a barber for two years before going into the army in 1941. I spent 5 years working for a dairy after being discharged from the army in 1945. Then I worked for Uniroyal for 27 years before retiring six years ago.

My wife and I have two sons, one grandchild and four step-grandchildren. We spend 5½ months in Sebring and 6½ months in Mishawaka. I play in many shuffleboard tourneys and have eight trophies.

It is 86° here today and very windy. I hope it is getting warmer in Goshen.

Evelyn (Brenneman) Geerts greets us from Michigan--

The older I get the more I appreciate all my friends and loved ones. I'm really looking forward to our 50th Reunion.

The idea of a "Book of Memoirs" is just great, but when the letter from Lois came, I wondered what to write because sometimes I can't remember where I put things from one week to the next. Ha!

I do recall some "Happy Days" at W.H.S. Remember when we had an assembly every Monday A.M., when a minister from Wakarusa or the surrounding area would come talk to us. I recall how George Doering used to laugh at everything and he would make us laugh too, especially in History class when Miss Werntz would say, Chic-ago (Chicago).....How some of the fellows would wait out in the hall on the days we made candy or cookies in Home Economics class.....How some of the basketball boys would ask some of us to help write a book report.... How happy everyone was in 1933 when the W.H.S. Indians went to the state... ..Then in '34 we lost the title in baseball on a forfeit. What a sad day... ....I was afraid to walk back to school after lunch (in the winter) because some of the fellows would be throwing snow balls.....Oh! how I would admire Wayne Fredericks, he always knew the answer when no one else did.

Did you know that 3 of us in the class came to Battle Creek? Georgia Grove took nurses training at the Nichols Hospital, and Wayne Fredericks worked for Kelloggs. My husband and I came to B.C. in 1939. We had a fuel oil business for twenty years and also started a Soft Water Co. in 1957 which I still have. My husband passed away in Nov. 1975.

I have two children and 6 grandchildren. I keep very busy as I still have my home, some other real-estate to look after, and do some volunteer work. I like crossword puzzles and "The Detroit Tigers"!

Miriam (Hollopeter) Johannes sent this from Wisconsin --

My life has been happy and a busy one.

I married John Johannes and we had 4 children. Two boys and two girls. I received my B.S.--A.B. from Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana and did graduate work at U.W.M., Milwaukee. I taught 33 years in all, in New Paris, Indiana, Goshen, Indiana and South Bend, Indiana, and 23 years in Port Washington, Wis. To me there is a challenge in working with young minds and helping them to learn and to love God and believe in their own ability to be successful both intellectually and spiritually.

I retired in 1979 and we moved to Hubertis, Wisconsin where we now reside. John retired in 1980 and we spend time traveling, usually Florida - Canada - Out West. We have had two trips to Jamaica but there are so many beautiful places in our own country we have had no great desire to visit foreign countries.

Hi Classmates! says Quinn Holdeman--

This is some latest news from Quinn Holdeman. My wife Fern and I bought a new Minnie Home in 1983. We put about 13,000 miles on it in two different trips West. We attended the Cheyenne Rodeo.

We have two boys. Junior, the oldest, who works at Whitehall's has two children, a boy, Barry and a girl, Barbara both married. Barry has two children and that makes us Great Grandpa and Great Grandma. Junior designed and is building a log house on 20 acres of wooded area which he had to clear before he could start to build his house.

Monte, the youngest son, owns and operates D. and M. Automotive in Wakarusa, He has two sons, Ryan, 7 years old and Seth 5. He also designed and built an A-frame house with carpenter help to put the shell up. I am working four days a week at Richmond's Feed Service in Wakarusa.

As for the future, we plan to spend some time with the two youngest grandchildren. They love to go camping and trail riding with horses which is my hobby. Fern and I are looking forward to our 50th wedding anniversary March 20, 1986.

Quinn also sends his favorite pie recipe and it is for Gooseberry Pie.

3 cups gooseberries, 3/4 cup water -- simmer 10 minutes
Add 2 T. clear jell (scant) and 1½ cups sugar (Cool slightly)
Pour into unbaked pie shell, put a top crust on and sprinkle
with sugar. Bake in 425° oven. Bake about 30 minutes.

Flora Jane (Frash) Stewart comes to us from Syracuse, In.--

As for my favorite recipe, I don't have any since my foods consist mainly of raw fruits and vegetables. I have been on this type of a diet for more than 4 years and find it has done wonders for my weight and well being. I do eat cooked fish and/or chicken occasionally. I'm sure I won't go hungry at the banquet. In fact I'm looking forward to some of Nelson's "Golden Glo"!

I remember when Mr. Sipe, our beloved sponsor, would come on the stage after the grade kids had paraded through with their Halloween costumes on and make his special face for us. He was so good natured and I'm sure he enjoyed making us laugh.

I think I can safely say that I have the youngest child of anyone in the class. Seventeen year old Resa is a Junior at Wawasee High School this year. One day she came home and told me that her teacher in History was asking the class if any of them knew and could talk to someone who lived through the depression. The teacher was rather dumbfounded when my daughter piped up and said, "Yes, my mother." She has startled other teachers when she has told them that her brother and two sisters are 26, 22, and 18 years older than she is.

My hope for the future is to see her graduate from High School and College. She hopes to enroll in Indiana University and major in business.

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-cont.

I am enclosing a picture that I'd like to have back. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever see myself skating with my high school principal!

I am sure the meeting of classmates on June 9th will be a joyous occasion.

Vera (Nusbaum) Eby chips in --

This letter will attest to the fact that I am not a creative writer and in the past 50 years I have forgotten many important points on sentence structure, but I will try to express a few sentiments about the class of "34".

When I left Wakarusa High School it was impossible to envision what the next 50 years would bring in my life. Although the famous trio didn't make it big in show business, and my business education never led to the presidency of a big financial firm, life has been extremely good to me. We are now enjoying our retirement after many fruitful years of labor.

Whenever I chance to meet one of the class members, it is like seeing a long lost friend which brings a warmth and glow to the occasion and also brings both many and pleasant memories.

Mabel (Flickinger) Kunin writes --

One of the outstanding things that I remember was when we gave the chapel program in the auditorium, during our Amateur Hour. Mr. Sipe laughed so much at the try-outs. He was a great guy.

I also remember when the whole school had the 3 day measles. We all went if we didn't have a fever. Do you remember this?

I am really looking forward to seeing everyone.

Our temperature has really soared the past few days, 103° yesterday. I guess summer is here. I was afraid of this as our winter was so mild and warm.

Looking forward to seeing everyone.

By Phone Marie (Truex) Brown

Said that she will enjoy reading all the letters and just being at the reunion.

We hear from Virgil Lechlitner--

After graduating with the class of 1934, I wanted my own car. I had some money saved and had two cows that I had raised while in 4-H Club. I decided to sell them and bought my Grandpa's Star sedan. It had a Continental motor. I was very happy with it and did not have to use dad's car. I drove this car for two years and then bought a 1930 model A Ford car. It was blue with yellow wheels and a yellow stripe. I thought I had a beautiful car and was proud of it.

In the summer of 1934 I started with George Moyer Construction and worked for them until October, 1936. Their first job was on the Christian Church in Wakarusa which is now the Bible Baptist Church.

Then I started at Schult Trailers on South Main Street in Elkhart, was paid 35¢ per hour and worked 10 hours per day. I worked there until March, 1937 in the final finish and repair departments.

In 1937 I started at Platt Trailer Company. I was the 7th man working, therefore, each one of us worked all through the plant on different units. The company grew very fast. By 1950 we had a total of 125 workers with two shifts working in 1950 and 1951. By 1952 the economy slowed down and we had only the day shift working. I worked a total of 20 years for this company of which 14 years were spent as Supt. of Production.

On April 4th, 1957 I started at Bender Wholesale Dist. as salesman to mobile home, R.V., cabinet, boat industry, etc. companies. I had over 100 accounts and was top salesman at Benders. I worked for them 15 years.

In July of 1972 I started with Maurer Industrial Supply as a salesman to the same accounts. They all went with me with their purchases. My best year of sales was in 1978. I worked for them until Dec. 30, 1981 and decided to retire.

In April 1983 I became a member of the R.V.-M.H. Hall of Fame Foundation and received the Industry Pioneer Award for 46 years of service.

I was married Jan. 1, 1938 and bought our first home in 1941. Our married son Wayne has a daughter and son and lives near Venice, Florida, (just outside of Sarasota.) He is teaching and coaching at Venice High School. Our married daughter, Carol Sue, has a son and daughter. Her husband is an engineer at Eastman Kodak Co. In Rochester, New York. They live in Honeoye, New York, (close to Rochester). A single daughter, Linda Ann, lives in an apartment and works in Elkhart.

My hobbies are the yard, garden, and all kinds of sports. In the last 20 years we enjoy collecting antiques and going to auction sales.

After retiring 1½ years on May 9, 1983, I went back to work at Maurer Supply working 1/2 days in the warehouse for more exercise and to be on a regular schedule.

John Flory tells us--

To the graduating class of 1934:

50 years. It doesn't seem possible. Why is 50 years such a long time at a young age but such a short time when one looks back?

My dad used to say, "The older one gets the faster time goes." He certainly was right.

I guess some of the major events in my life after graduation were getting married to Mildred Culp in 1937. Next would be learning the Tool and Die trade at Star Machine.

Later being blessed with two children. A daughter Janice, (now Mrs. Roger Stoner). A dairy farmer's wife who has four daughters and is also a school teacher.

A son Stanley, a bachelor, who is a teacher at Aux Chandelles, (a school for the handicapped), and also a warrant officer in the Marine Reserves.

Having worked at Star Machine 16 years the first time, then at Elkhart Product for 23 years, I retired from there in 1979 and later went back to Star where I have worked part time since then. My wife is also retired and spends much time sewing and oil painting.

Some of my hobbies are golfing, fishing, gardening and growing flowers and some farming. I belong to the Elkhart Dahlia Society.

We are also active in our church, which is the Beulah Missionary Church and have been ever since we were married.

I spend many hours in my basement shop, as that is one of my many hobbies too. Metal working and woodworking and as my wife says, "just puttering".

I have many good memories of my school years but time and space would not allow reminiscing. Lois asked if we would change anything in our lives if we could relive the last 50 years, but I believe I would do most of the same things I did. Not satisfied with everything but am thankful for the satisfaction of living a full and joyous life.

We do hope to do a little traveling in the next few years if health permits and we both live that long.

As one member of the reunion committee, I personally want to thank Lois Weaver for taking her time and effort to help in this special occasion of our 50th reunion and getting all these memoirs together.

I spent many hours trying to locate some of my former classmates but in doing this I got to talk and meet some of you whom I had not met or talked to in years. This was a privelege to me and I enjoyed it immensely.

Pauline (Weldy) Stahly sent this--

LaMar and I are enjoying our retirement and are thankful for our good health. LaMar keeps busy maintaining and doing yard work at our 3 homes. We have enjoyed spending the last 4 winters in Sarasota, Florida, where we bought a small 2 bedroom home. We also have our home 2 miles south of Wakarusa and our summer home at Lake Wawasee, Syracuse, Indiana.

Just to refresh your memory, we have 5 sons, Terry, Denny, Bruce, Steve and Kirby. All except the youngest son, Kirby are married. We have 9 grandchildren, making a grand total of 20 Stahlys'. Our oldest granddaughter was a freshman at Purdue University this past year and our youngest grandson is 10 months old. We are fortunate to have our sons all living within 30 miles of our home so we see them frequently, especially in the summertime, if we have hot weather.

We are looking forward to this summer to a 3 week vacation with a tour group. We are going to the Holy Land, then to Zurich, Switzerland, the Austrian Alps and the Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany, and then to the Mennonite World Conference at Strasbourg, France. We arrive back in New York on July 31st which happens to be my 67th birthday.

We are listed in the phone books at all 3 places, so would be happy to have any of you call and stop in to see us.

I'm looking forward to seeing everyone on our very important "50th", on June 9th.

By phone George Doering

Recalled several things that stayed with him. He didn't forget how Miss Werntz had a difficult time saying "Chicago". Herb Clipp laughed and George was sent out of class. Also in the assembly hall Emmert Herr threw a paper wad and hit him on the shoulder. Mr. Gerber thought it was George and bawled him out.

By phone Merrill Yoder

Recalls that as seniors we used time from Mr. Wine's Physics class to have a home room program in the gym. The seniors were angry because the juniors wanted to use the stage that morning. Upon returning to Physics Class, Mr. Wine sent the home room officers to Mr. Gerber's office to get an excuse for being late.

Mr. Gerber's talk didn't hurt nearly as much as what our sponsor, Mr. Sipe said when he came back to school. Mr. Sipe said, "To think that you did it while I was at my father's funeral."

John Hartzler says--

How does one go about it to admit that retirement for some is a time to be busier than ever? While it may not be an actual fact in just that way, there is in it that element of opportunity to catch up on many projects that have been pushed aside to wait for a time to be at them.

I am currently busy at a variety of activities that include landscaping, caring for new plantings of seedlings and cuttings, clearing areas that were returning to wilderness, writing letters, reading, and latch hooking.

Another of our sons is married as of January 2, 1982, and two more grandchildren arrived in November of that same year for a new total of seven.

FROM A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in mournful numbers
    Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
    And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
    And the grave is not its goal.
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"
    Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great ones all remind us
    We can make our lives sublime,
And in passing, leave behind us
    Footprints on the sands of time.

Let us then be up and doing
    With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
    Learn to labor and to wait.

-- Longfellow

Lois (Yoder) Weaver --

Beside my front door on the living room wall
Hang high school pictures of six sons now grown tall.
In the middle row pose their family shots,
Below these the grandchildren fourteen beam
From ages two to seventeen.

Hanging near is a special brass swag light
Which lights upon many a night,
To show our visiting guests our family,
Of them we are proud you all will agree,
Ivan and Lois are in the middle of the melee.

School teachers some are and have been
Some pursuing their doctorates thru thick and thin.
Some have begun to manufacture plastic bags,
Their business "Roll Pak" is the name on the tag.
Another chose to be a manager of wholesale department.

Many years of labor and toil have been spent
In 1963 back to school teaching I went,
Many fifth graders were the apple of my eye
Lovable, agreeable, impressionable, and shy,
Seldom to anywhere do I go without meeting one or a parent.

Ivan spent his energy at Greencroft
With state men he argued oft,
Building the largest retirement home in the Hoosier State,
By toil and sweat of brow he did succeed
Now after retirement others take the lead.

In between vigorous work and worries
Ivan and Lois to other states and countries did hurry,
From Alaska to Key West in one year we went
In Scandinavia, Middle Europe, and Africa time was spent.
We have many places we desire to go yet.

Let me live the rest of my days
Serving humanity in various ways,
It is not what you keep that you have,
But it's what you give away
That makes life pay.

Letter via phone

Emmert Herr was glad to get a call--

The thing that helped me the most in school was bookkeeping. Mr. Sipe helped me a lot. I wish I would have taken more typing. It would have helped me more now that computers have come in. As a farmer, I work closely with Extension and Purdue.

We have three children, one grandson, and four granddaughters.

Lamar Martin, Chuluvotoa, Florida

We tried unsuccessfully to contact Lamar Martin by phone.

Having just arrived home from Germany, Wayne Fredericks sent us this--

My wife, Anne, continues to be active in community volunteer work, has just completed editing an important new book on Ethiopia, and serves as a member of the Board of her old school, The Madeira School, outside Washington, D.C.

My daughter, Maria, a graduate of Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, has taken up the art of bookbinding and book preservation. She is presently at the Newberry Library in Chicago but expects to move to the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. in January 1985.

William, my son, is presently studying for a master's degree in International Relations at Oxford University in England. He is a graduate of the Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire and of Swarthmore College.

As for myself, I continue as Executive Director for International Governmental Affairs for the Ford Motor Company and still spend about half my time abroad or in Washington and Detroit, although the family residence remains in Bronxville, New York, just outside New York City, where we have lived since 1968. In 1978-1979, I served on the President's Commission on Foreign Language and International Studies, a very interesting experience. Although foreign travel and work abroad remain generally interesting, I think the most interesting trips in recent years have been to Japan, the Peoples' Republic of China, Saudia Arabia, West Berlin and of course, England, where I have many friends and where I spent the war years in the U.S. Air Force.

Memories of Wakarusa and Class of 1934

My memories of Wakarusa always begin with my mother and father, my brother and sister, and my boyhood at home.

When turning to the class of '34, I think of my classmates and of the great times we had together at school. My thoughts turn quickly to the memory of Kenneth Sipe, our class sponsor, to whom all of us owe so much. He was not only a superb teacher, but as our sponsor, he gave us a sense of purpose, a sense of direction, and a sense of values which when added to our course work enabled us to graduate with a real and meaningful high school education.

I think too, of all our teachers throughout high school who taught us so much and added so greatly to our lives. Their names are often in my mind.

On the personal front, I often recall my nickname "Bing" which was so common then but fell into disuse some years after I had moved away so that I never hear it anymore.

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I think of our home room productions, of our high school plays, of our heroic efforts in transforming the gym for the Junior Prom, of basketball, of baseball and Comiskey Park, of the band and orchestra, of my forlorn violin!

In retrospect, I prize highly the agricultural productivity and wealth of the rich farmland around Wakarusa, particularly after witnessing hunger in many parts of the world over the past 30 years.

I also prize the energy and handwork of those of us, and of our parents and others, who worked in the stores in town. The long hours and hard work of our parents set a pattern for me and for all of us.

In retrospect, it now seems hardly possible that my horizons were bounded in 1934 by Elkhart, Goshen, Nappanee, South Bend, and occasionally by Chicago. Despite all my travel I still like to drive along the pretty and quiet and restful roads within twenty miles of Wakarusa.

Occasionally, I look through my photos of those years and other memories sweep over me -- especially memories of classmates and friends with whom I shared so much and to whom I owe so much.

It is great to revive the memories. The hard part is to force myself to believe it is fifty years!

LETTERS FROM THOSE WHO TOOK OTHER PATHS

Miriam (Hoffer) Clouse writes from Nappanee--

The most I remember about school is sitting in the assembly. Evanelle Longfield (now gone) and I sat together and they had us at the very front. I guess so they could watch us, but we had some good times together. She was dating my brother Carl, so they would send letters back and forth through me. As I recall, I never got paid for that. (That was in our Soph. year.) I always liked biology. There was Miriam Hollopeter and often when the teacher would call on me and I didn't know the answer, I would pretend I'd thought he called on her. That was pretty childish of me, I now realize. I never cared for high school that much, so I never went after my Soph. year. I also was sick that summer and my mother thought it best I didn't go. I do regret now that I didn't finish.

Howard and I were married on Oct. 14, 1933 and we celebrated 50 years of wedded life last Oct. The Lord has been very good to us. He blessed us with 5 children ranging in ages now from 49 down to 33. We had 3 boys and two girls. Wendell, Larry, Newell, Cheryl and Annette. Of course, they have all flown the coop, and Howard and I retired and moved to town in Oct. 1978. We really like it. Howard still works around 20 hours a week at Mast Upholstery Shop. I just keep the home fires burning. We both like gardening and I like to crochet which I do a lot of.

We have 9 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren which we adore. Now this summer we are to add another grandchild, so that will make 10.

I don't think I would do anything over in my last 50 years. They have all been very good.

I hope in the years I have left, I can be a Christian example to my family and the younger generation.

Oh! Yes, by now our family comes to the number of 28 when they are all here.

Here is a little bit of wit, I'll call it a joke but it seems quite true to life at my age.

Let's Take Another Look

Everything is farther away than it used to be. It is twice as far to the corner and they have added a hill, I've noticed. I have given up running for the bus. It leaves faster than it used to.

It seems to me they are making steps steeper than they used to in the old days. Have you noticed the small print they use in the newspaper? There is no sense asking anyone to read aloud; everyone speaks in such a low voice that I can hardly hear. The material in dresses is getting so skimpy--especially around the waist and hips.

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Even people are changing. They are so much younger than they used to be when I was their age. On the other hand, people my age are so much older than I am. I ran into an old friend the other day and she had aged so much she didn't even recognize me. I got to thinking about the poor thing while I was combing my hair that morning and in doing so, I glanced at my reflection and confound it, they don't make good mirrors like they used to. They don't make pens like they used to. That's why I'm using ruled paper.

Here is a recipe that is requested by some of the family quite often when we get together.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING

2 cups brown sugar	1 can crushed pineapple
5 T. flour, heaping	1 qt. water
4 T. butter	graham crackers
3 egg yolks, beaten	

Mix sugar, flour, egg yolks and 1/2 cup of the water, for the thickening. Add to rest of the water which is hot and cook until thick. Add juice, remove from fire and add pineapple and butter. Cool. Then in baking dish, put a layer of pudding, then cracker crumbs, alternating until dish is full. Cover with beaten egg whites and brown.

Maynard Culp and his wife Louise write from Arizona--

Since Mike doesn't write many letters, I'll try and do it for him.

I'm sorry we won't be able to attend his 50th Reunion--where has time gone? Miles and other obligations keep us close to home these days.

Just a little about his life. He went west in 1936 and stayed with a cousin and his family in Idaho where he worked for one year. Then to California where he took up mining. They didn't pay miners very much in those days. Mike also worked in Hawaii during WWII.

We were married in 1943 and have three daughters and a son, nine grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

Thirty years ago we started building our home here on the side of a mountain. Mike is retired and we're enjoying every minute of it. We have mountains and desert all around us. I always say, "We can see for 8 mos. ahead." It's so pretty in the early morning and later afternoon.

Back to his graduating class--Mike says, "There were only 4 in his class at Shriver School, and he only went one year of High School, so there couldn't be very many." Quite a change in 50 years.

We'll be thinking of you all June 9, and want you to know Indiana will always be "special" to us.

Alma Detwiler Haskell sends this from Michigan--

My first thought was, what ever could I write about my school days. After all, that was a long time ago and of a rather short duration, as I entered Wakarusa schools in the sixth grade and dropped out after the first year of high school.

I was so bashful and shy that school was rather difficult for me. I know Lois tried to help me with math in the ninth grade, but gave it up as a hopeless job, I'm sure.

I was also encouraged to know those who were smarter than I, also forgot in later years some of the things we learned in school and wasn't the only one.

I remember the Monday morning assembly periods when Mr. Gerber usually had a skit, a reading, or something to entertain us.

I think my favorite teacher was Mr. Wine, who taught Biology, and also had occasional field trips.

My father was very much a nomad, always moving, it seemed. I was born in Alberta, Canada. The folks went out there in 1910 from Michigan to homestead the new land.

In 1978 my oldest sister and I went out there to see if we could find the old homestead. After some looking and asking questions, we bumped across the prairie in a truck to the spot where the folks had built our house. There is nothing there but depressions where the buildings had stood and different kind of vegetation than the prairie grass. The pipes were still sticking out of the ground where the well had been and there were rows of trees my grandfather had planted. My sister was able to remember just where each building, house, barn, and blacksmith shop had been. We had left there 58 years ago and the prairies, after they were broken up, under went some drastic changes. So it was a real thrill to see, at least, a trace of where we had lived and where I had my beginning. The prairie grass is making a come-back.

We moved to Indiana in 1927 and moved back to Michigan in 1939. In 1952 I married Malcolm Haskell. He had two girls and one boy. To say the least, it was a hectic time trying to raise step-children. But they have been so different since they have families of their own. The boy lives in Pennsylvania, the oldest girl in Texas, and the other one in North Carolina.

In August of 1981 I lost my husband. He passed away after having undergone triple by-pass heart surgery. I am doing quite well alone, keeping busy doing some cleaning jobs. I'm hoping to get to the reunion if I can find someone to make the trip with me.

Nelson Gongwer writes from our home town, Wakarusa--

I attended Wakarusa H.S. from first grade on. That was 1922. The school was located on East Waterford Street. The principal was Mr. Strope, the janitor was John Wogoman. The toilets were outside, and on the playground was an ocean wave and a maypole. I remember when Bob Hahn, who was one grade ahead of me, fell from the maypole and broke his arm.

There were no school buses at that time and I walked thru the field which would have been around a mile and a quarter, or I could ride by horse and buggy with Paul Metzler, who was a teacher and neighbor.

My memory fails me somewhat but I think it was 1924, which would have put me in the 2nd grade when we moved into the new school now located north of downtown. My what a change that was. We also were afforded the luxury of school busses. My first bus driver was Alvin Miller.

Teachers I remember 1st thru 8th grade were Miss Brown, Miss Neff, Miss Swisher and Miss Mable Searer, who stayed with our class three long years. I believe it was about the fourth grade that many of our class were unfortunate and ended up in the 1935 graduation class. Warren Holdeman was the 7th grade teacher, Clarence Moore the 8th, and Mr. Gerber was our agriculture teacher.

Miss Searer was the only teacher that corrected me by physical contact. She pulled my hair, after I reached thru my desk seat and pulled on Walter Weldy's leg. She didn't know that he had been poking me in the rear before hand.

Somehow school was something that I disliked, therefore, I got my lessons just go get a passing grade.

My two years in High School I took subjects that got me by. Manual Training was my choice and English I hated. Miss Esther Searer had a way of getting everyone in front of the class every day, and I never did get comfortable reciting or reading in front of the class. It's too bad I couldn't have taken a Dale Carnegie Course before going to High School.

For several years I regretted my decision not to return to school after reaching 16. However, my learning experiences kept on going.

I do not recall of ever being without work. I was a farmer's hired hand, a painter, a factory worker, mechanic, farmer, plant foreman, superintendent plant manager, and finally an inventor which put me in the catering business.

I have been happily married for 46 years. am the father of a son and daughter and grandfather to seven.

I am proud of being a classmate of the 1934 graduating class.

I am also happy that the committee in charge of the 50th anniversary included those of us who did not complete the course.

It also gives me great pleasure to welcome all my classmates and their spouses to dine and celebrate at the PORT-A-PIT Banquet Hall, the business which I started in 1967 and is now owned and operated by my son, Dean and I.

Charles McDowell sends this from Elkhart--

To the remaining "Class of 1934". I am only a witness unto the truth as for writing. The pupils of the grade (1-8) one room schools of 100 years ago excelled that of most college graduates today.

Being able to "read" and understand same. We become heirs to the great minds of all ages and all time. Mathematics has the same meaning to every homosapien on Earth.

Providing the problem is properly approached there can only be one answer and that can't be incorrect.

Jesus said, "I am the way, the light, and the truth. How people figure their answers are a better solution to lifes problems than those given in the scriptures has always been a mystery to me.

I was born May 30, 1916 and entered the one room Olive Center grade school in Sept. of 1922 and Sept. of 1925 I entered the Wakarusa Community School. In 1926 the one room schools in Olive Twp. were closed and in Sept. all Twp. students were bussed to the new Olive Twp. and Wakarusa School.

Thanks for all who recognize me.

Susie (Martin) Ramer writes from Oklahoma--

With pleasure I remember my school days and my teachers, many of whom were God called to both preach and teach. I thank God for all those blessings, but for his Grace I may have been born in India or Mexico and never learned that Jesus came to forgive and save me and all mankind.

If it were possible to do the last 50 years over, I would have been old then!! Thus having an excuse for all my blunders!

The "Consider Jesus", program is heard at 9 AM each Sunday for many years now by Brother Ramer.

We make and sell concrete lawn statuary (mostly bird baths, flower boxes, etc., etc.), both for physical exercise and it helps pay radio time of $2.00 + per minute. We also do other church work.

We thank God all our family are in church and may God use us to bring the lost to know Jesus as Saviour.

I enclose 2 snaps of a white haired old lady, now married 50 years to commonly known Br. Ramer.

The world is much smaller now to me! Our acquaintance with missionaries world wide and our children located in Canada, California, Indiana, Arkansas Oklahoma and Dallas, Texas seems to make a small world indeed!

Yours till Jesus comes.

Mrs. Robert (Clara Defrees) Haines sent this from Arkansas--

Fifty years ago is a long time. I have been gone all that time. I was married 52 years ago and have 5 children. They are all married and we have 15 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

When the children came home, I made Shoo Fly Pie a lot. Here is the recipe.

SHOO FLY PIE

Mix together: 1½ cup flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup butter.
Mix together: 1/2 cup hot water, 1/2 tsp. soda 1/2 cup sorghum molasses.
Place crumbs in pie shell and pour on the liquid ingredients. Bake.

(The sorghum is so strong smell and since the people did not have screen doors they had lots of flies. So the pie is called Shoo Fly Pie.)

When you fry fish, which we do a lot, we have hush puppies on the same order. With no screens we had to chase the dogs. We would throw a hush puppy to the dog and say! "Go, Hush!."

HUSH PUPPIES

2 cups self-rising corn mix
3/4 cup milk
1 egg beaten
1 small onion finely chopped

Cook fish in same drips.

Argel and Mary (Schrock) McDowell tell about their life--

Better late than never. Well I don't know how to word what I want to say. But I will never forget my last day of school. I was very sad. My father wanted me to quit when I became 16 to help my mother. I started on my 2nd year thinking my father might change his mind. But he didn't. Came Oct. 6, my birthday it was time to quit and leave school and my friend that I loved so much.

John Loucks was my bus driver. I can see myself yet on the bus looking out the window very sad. I didn't know what to do. But I always said what ever you do, do it well. On life went, every time I went to apply for a job there it was in black and white, 9 years of school.

I had an inferority complex for many years. But when I got to G.L. Perry's it all left. I saw so many girls who graduated didn't know how to figure and do anything so I have been there going on 15 years, soon to retire but still going.

ARGEL

There probably isn't anyone around that knows more people than the auctioneer or the sales clerk. What auctioneer has been around in Elkhart and LaGrange County the longest and still going? Argel McDowell.

All auctioneers have their own personality, and most of them have an extremely outgoing personality. I have known Argel as the "quiet one." He is a good auctioneer and does his work well. He has now been working at the trade longer than anyone else around. He is 69, and observing him, he could stay at it a long time.

Argel's mother died when he was nine and he went to live with his uncle. He says, "One day my uncle took me long to a farm sale. I just stood there and watched the auctioneer. Right there I decided what I wanted to be; an auctioneer. I never changed my mind, but folks told me I'm too bashful to be an auctioneer."

Certainly being bashful is not a common trait of the profession but it doesn't bother Argel. But it probably has something to do with him staying out of a lot of other business. It no doubt has helped him to wear well. He has a tendency to just mind his own business.

He started out in 1939, just two years after Romayne Sherman. He worked with Harley Longcor and some with Romayne those first few years. He first came to the Shipshewana Livestock Auction in 1940 and he has been there ever since. He says: "When I first came here we were so poor I fixed my own ham sandwiches and brought along some milk. That was my lunch."

He has seen the Shipshewana Auction change hands many times. Argel also worked with the Goshen Auction for over 40 years. He also worked with the Walkerton, Wakarusa and the Three Rivers sales.

"Farm sales are taking a different pattern now," he says. "They were always held in January and February. Now they are much larger and held more at any time. There aren't as many now, but they are a lot bigger.

"Are you slowing down now?" I asked him.

"No, I don't mean to. I always said a horse works best when he is worked every day. It's the same with an auctioneer. I have some household sales in the summer. My work here has been "hay and hogs" on Wednesday and the "horse sale" on Friday, with a few farm sales thrown in."

"Are you lasting longer because you take things a little more easy?" I asked him.

"I never thought about it but maybe that's been a part of it. I have always tried to live clean and take care of myself. I have never been sick to speak of, but I think it's mostly clean living and hard work."

"What do you think of the auctioneer business?"

"Well, when I started out I figured I would make it, someway. I had to. Now, looking back, it's been good to me. I have all I need, and more. I am satisfied."

As much as to say, "If I had to do it over, I would do it again."

*The above article reprinted from March 2, 1984 Farmer's Exchange "Plow-Shares", by Sanford & Orpha Eash

The excerpt from the valedictory speech was taken from the 1934 Senior Edition of the Waka High Lights.

The excerpt and picture concerning C. J. Gerber, our Principal, was taken from the Summer, 1974 edition of the Goshen College Heritage Newsletter.

The picture of Wayne Fredericks receiving his honors was taken from a Goshen Newspaper.

We want to express appreciation to the arrangement committee, John Flory, Pauline Stahly, and Marie Hartman for the work they did to make our 50th Reunion possible.

It took many hours and many phone calls to plan to make it a success.

We want to thank each one who contributed to the book of memoirs either by letter via postal service or via phone.

We thank Nelson's Port-A-Pit for their hospitality and meal.

MEMBERS of the Wakarusa High School class of 1934 met Saturday at the Port-A-Pit Banquet Hall in Wakarusa for their 50th reunion. Of the 39 graduates, 28 were present. They are (seated from left) Arlowene Weldy, Mishawaka, Marie Brown, Wakarusa, Annabelle Hartman, Goshen, Lois Weaver, Goshen, Flora Jane Stewart, Syracuse, Wilma Hess, Goshen, Evelyn Geerts, Battle Creek, Mich., and Chloe Canen, Wakarnsa. Standing are (from left second row) Evangeline Stouder, Goshen, Marie Hartman, Panline Stahly, Wakarusa, Mabel Knnin, Phoenix, Ariz., Vera Eby and Fern Schleber, Nappanee. In the back row are (from left) Roy Nusbanm, Granger, Lowell Weldy, Mishawaka, John Hartzler, Quinn Holdeman, Wakarnsa, Virgil Lechlitner, Lamar Martin, Chnlnota, Fla., Woodrow Pippenger, George Doering, Wakarusa, Wayne Frederick, Bronxville, N.Y., John Flory, Herbert Clipp and Merrill Yoder, Wakarusa. Present but not pictured were Emmert Herr of Kendallville and Jnanita Yoder of Cincinnati, Ohio. (Trnth Photo)